

The
BLOTTER

SENIOR ISSUE

1911½

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THE BLOTTER

SENIOR NUMBER

CLASS OF 1911½

NEW ALBANY HIGH SCHOOL

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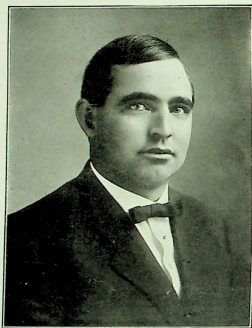


59-2552

COMMENCEMENT will soon be an event of the past. Four happy years have swiftly gone. It seems but yesterday that we came fresh and enthusiastic from the eighth grade with hearts set upon making our mark in High School. Nor was our desire in vain for out of a class of thirty, one-third are on the honor roll, an achievement never before equaled by any other class. Members of our class have distinguished themselves in music, art, literature, debating, athletics, in fact in every High School activity.

In our accomplishments, our teachers have taken great interest. Many of them have gone elsewhere and for them we have wishes for a bright future, but for all we have an undying memory of kindness and patience.

Soon our class associations will be broken. New classes will take our place and after a year or two our names will mean but little to the average student. But as we go, our hope is not that the achievements of our class will never be equaled, but that the following classes will carry forward the work in which we have tried to do our part and add to the fame of N. A. H. S.



To

Thomas H. Allen

Our loved and efficient teacher of Physics
and Chemistry, whose kind heart and
helping hand have brightened the
Senior Year of our High
School Course

We, the Class of 1911½ Dedicate this Volume.

· Class Officers ·

Pres. George Stephens
Vice Pres. Martha Martin
Secretary Catherine Newhouse
Treas. Vivian Nunemacher
Motto ·

Possumus quia posse videmur

Class Flower · Violet

Class Colors · Purple and White

· Gutter Board ·

Editor-in-Chief

Clarence Strack

Assistants

Mary Dundon

Raymond Stop

Margaret Rowell

Ollie Owens

George Stephens

Art

Lelia Pennington

Business Manager

Elmer Sevringhaus

Assistant

Virian Numemacher

11½

The Faculty



JACOB P. SAUTER
Mathematics

ALICE FUNK
Botany

TRULY B. RAY
English

RALPH W. NOVER
Latin

MARY F. COBLE
Latin

VESTA R. SIMMONS
English

ORRA MACK JENKS
History

HETTIE C. NEAT
German

GRACE BAERD
English

KATHERINE SINGLETON
History

CHARLES B. MCLINN
Principal

CHARLES E. JENKINS
Mathematics

H. A. BUERK
Supt. of Schools

THOS. H. ALLEN
Phys. and Chem.

EDW. E. DANIEL
German

GEORGE STEPHENS,

"Sleety"

Class President, Wranglers,
Debates, Senior Blotter,
Choral Club, Class Basket
Ball.

Bid me discourse, I will
enchant thine ear.

MARTHA MARTIN,

"Mart"

Class Vice-President, Alcy-
one Quartet, D. W. R.,
Glee Club, Honor Roll.

Queen rose of the rose-
bud garden of girls.

CATHERINE NEWHOUSE,

Class Sec'y, Der Deutsche
Verein, D. W. R., Saluta-
torian.

Be she fairer than the
day
Or the flowering meads
in May.

CLARENCE STRACK,

"Stracky"

Editor-in-Chief Blotter IV,
Editor-in-Chief Senior
Blotter, Wranglers, De-
bates, Honor Roll.

At whose sight all the
stars hide their dimin-
ished heads.

MARY DUNDON, "Chub"

Blotter III and IV, Senior
Blotter, D. W. R., Choral
Club.

I never dare to write as
funny as I can.



LELIA PENNINGTON

Glee Club, D. W. R., Choral
Club, Senior Blotter.

Beauty itself doth of it-
self persuade
The eyes of men with-
out an orator.

VIVIAN NUNEMACHER,

"Nunny"

Class Treasurer, Alcyone
Quartet, Wranglers, Or-
chestra, Class Basket Ball,
Choral Club, Mgr. Senior
Blotter.

Laughter holding both
his sides.

EVA STREEPEY

Secretary Des Deutschen
Vereins, D. W. R., Honor
Roll.

Thy modesty is a candle
to thy merit.

EDVTHE DIECKMAN,

"Edy"

Glee Club, D. W. R., Choral
Club.

So just, so small, yet in
so sweet a note
It seemed the music
melted in her throat.

RAYMOND STOV, "Motts"

Foot Ball IV, Wranglers,
Blotter IV, Senior Blotter.
He is handsome, also
wise; a fascinating
politician,
And has withal the sun-
niest eyes that ever
dazzled a logician.

MINER ALLEN, "*Hink*"
Base Ball, Der Deutsche
Verein.
O, it is excellent to have
a giant's strength.
But it is tyrannous to
use it like a giant.

JENA GARRISON
Glee Club, D. W. R., Choral
Club.
Her very frowns are
fairer far
Than smiles of other
maidens are.

REX RICHARDS, "*King*"
Orchestra, Wranglers,
Choral Club.
His eye begets occasion
for his wit.
For every object that
the one doth catch,
The other turns to a
mirth-moving jest.

ETHEL DAVIS, "*Puissance*"
Choral Club, D. W. R.
Music is well said to be
her speech.

GEORGE HUNLOW,
"*Bunny*"
Track Team, Class Basket
Ball.
Since knowledge is but
sorrow's spy,
It is not safe to know.



MARGARET ROWELL,
"*Peep*"
Blotter IV, Senior Blotter,
D. W. R., Choral Club,
Honor Roll.
To be a well favored
woman is the gift of
fortune,
But to write and read
comes by nature.

ELMER SEVRINGHAUS,
"*Yodler*"
Wranglers, Debate, Presi-
dent Des Deutschen Vere-
ins, Blotter Manager III
and IV, Manager Senior
Blotter, Choral Club, Al-
corno Quartet, Valedic-
torian.
Work is my recreation.

ISABELLE TREHER, "*Ibi*"
D. W. R.
A heart to no folly or
mischief inclined.
A body all grace and all
sweetness of mind.

CHAS. HASSENMILLER,
"*Sax*"
Wranglers, Choral Club.
I desire no more delight,
Than to be under sail
and gone tonight.

BESS MILLICAN
D. W. R., Honor Roll.
But let us ever be gen-
teel.

JAMES BULLINGTON

Foot Ball IV.

In fact for you I sound
this solemn note:
Beware the dangers of
the petticoat.

CORA WILLIAMS, "Code"

D. W. R., Honor Roll.

Though she is but little,
she is fierce.

OLLIE OWENS

Choral Club, D. W. R.
Honor Roll.

As pure as a pearl and
as perfect,
A noble and innocent
girl.

JOHN HUNLOX,

"Chauncy"

Where ignorance is bliss
'tis folly to be wise.

EDITH JOHANTGEN

Der Deutsche Verein, D. W.
R., Honor Roll.

What is it to be wise?
Tis but to know how
little can be known;
To see all others' faults,
and feel your own.



ALMA WORRALL

D. W. R.

She that was ever fair
and never proud;
Had tongue at will and
yet was never loud.

OTTO ROBINSON, "Ossie"

Wranglers.

But, twas a maxim he
had often tried,
That right was right,
and there he would
abide.

MARGUERITE WILLIAMS,
"Peau"

Choral Club, D. W. R., Glee
Club.

Diana's lip is not more
sweet and rubious.

ERDENE ROBINSON,
"Dene"

Der Deutsche Verein, D. W.
R., Orchestra.

I'll show you a sight
that you'll fancy un-
common,
Wit, goodness, and
beauty, all met in a
woman.

ROBERT JENKINS,

"Bobbie"

What! I! I love! I sue!
I seek a wife!

The Land of Used to Be

The night has come—and shadows gray
Enshroud the sky; the curtain drops,
And shuts from sight the fleeting day.
A moment yet the Senior stops,
And lingers still, he knows not why.
He looks around—What does he see?
There stands a gateway, broad and high,
That leads to the "Land of Used to Be."

As he this strange inscription reads,
The mighty portals, opening wide,
Disclose a smooth white road, that leads
To shady groves by the river side.
The path leads on. The gloomy sky
Takes now a hue of rainbow sheen;
A dreamy river, rippling by,
Mirrors the sky in depths of green.

There floats a barge with blackest pall,
Dark stained and crumbling with decay;
The aged pilot, grim and tall,
Calls to the Senior, "No delay!
If with me on my trip you'd go,
Again to see realms of the past,
Those regions fraught with joy and woe.
Make no delay! My boat flies fast!"

He steps on board. The old boat flies
O'er sparkling waves, till now they see
A lovely shore. The pilot cries,
"This is the land of the Freshmen wee."
Happy little people they,
Dressed all in green of emerald glare;
Every action seems to say,
"We yet are strangers to all care."

Near by a country vast of size,
Where pompous Sophs. strut up and down,
With monstrous heads, and gleaming eyes,
Whose very looks bespeak renown.
The Junior land they next espy;
The ruler there, on red ink thrives,
While wails of students reach the sky.
As they beg the monster to spare their lives.

But when they reach the Senior shore,
A sadness deep pervades the air;
This land, the best of all the four,
Holds cherished scenes, and memories fair.
The Senior smiles through tears, and turns—
Boatman and boat have vanished quite;
A lone star in the sky, that burns,
Falls—and he stands in the silent night.

—MARY JANE DUNDON.





EACH year the girls of the Senior Class organize a Class Club. A club was founded Feb. 2, 1911, by the girls of the '11½ class, with the mystic letters—D. W. R. This trio of letters has been an untiring source of interest to the boys of the class. They have made many clever guesses as to the name of the club, such as "Down With Religion," "Down Women's Rights," and many others which we scorn to mention. The first meeting was held on March 10, at Vivian Shaffer's. Then on March 31, Martha Martin had a "spread" at her home. On May 10, the girls gave a walking party and forgot to be stately Seniors long enough to take a ride in an old spring wagon that happened along the road.

The first part of October, this term, the girls gave a moonlight walk, which was very delightful, save for the fact that the moon forgot to shine. In November, the girls had a big "hen party," and afterwards a banquet. The boys were not invited, owing to their "insatiable voracity for eats" of any sort. In December, the girls had a spread at the home of Margaret Rowell, to which the male members of the class were invited. Considering all the good times we have had, and the worry we have caused the boys, we, the girls of the Senior class, think it only right and just to reveal to the class, the faculty, and the school, the name of our club. The name? Well—you see, we haven't a real name—it's only a motto, "Don't Walk, Ride." In other words, take the easiest way.



AS I closed the door behind me, I seemed as one dazed. Was it all over at last? Was this really the end of it all? Yes, it must be, for as I looked at my diploma with its streaming purple and white, I could hear the faint thud of the horses' feet as the retreating cab rounded the corner and swept away into silence. What a short four years it had been! And after all how full of pleasure! Was it I who just a week ago had said that I should be glad when I had finished High School? While I stood there in the hall, gazing silently out into the night and mechanically snapping and unsnapping the fastening of my glove, the future, to me, was a blank, a total blank. How could I ever say that I should be glad to leave dear old N. A. H. S., glad to leave my teachers, glad to leave my classmates of 11½? Even at the thought of the name N. A. H. S., a burning tear crept down my cheek.

But I was becoming chill, and, slipping quietly to the library door, I opened it just a little and peeped in to be sure that no one was there, for I wished more than anything else to be alone and just to think and think without any interruption. The room was in darkness except for the soft warm light of the grate fire, the leaping flames casting grotesque shadows on the ceiling and book-lined walls. In front of the fire lay the skin of a tiger, its great eyes looking straight at me, not fiercely but, mellowed by the play of fire-light, with a kind and inviting look. I softly closed the door behind me and, laying my flowers and gloves on the library table, I allowed my cape to slip from my shoulders into a chair. And somehow, just as my cape fell from my shoulders, so it seemed that girlhood was slipping from me and I had reached the open portals of womanhood; the bud was developing into the full blown rose. But the bright fire and soft rug were irresistible, and dropping down before it, my feet tucked under me in true tailor fashion, I rested my chin in my hands and gazed straight into the fire. How interesting it would be to know just what the future held for each one of the class that had been so recently broken up. I was sure that many of them would some day be famous. Even now I could see our president as a great criminal lawyer and the jury swayed at his will. But surely the hard-hearted fates would not separate him from his closest chum, "Motts." How well would sound the name, "Stephens and Stoy, Attorneys at Law." And what of my chum? Undoubtedly Lelia would be a teacher of art; probably in a college. Yes, she would be an artist;—an artist who on the canvas portrays all the sweetness of her character and by her paint and brush gives the greatest life lessons.

And of course the next ones to come into my mind were my next closest friends, Code and Chubbly. The first if she followed her desire would probably become a

trained nurse; I pictured Code in her little white cap and apron, with her steady hand assisting in an important operation. And who has a better opportunity to creep into the "cozy corner" of one's heart than the gentle little nurse at one's bedside? Although Chubby had once expressed the wish to become a chorus girl, I felt sure that she had long ago forgotten that in her desire to become a cartoonist. How novel it would be for a newspaper to employ a lady cartoonist! And yet surely she would not drown her skill in writing; in a few years I would pick up a prominent magazine, read a spicy little article and at the close find the signature,—"Mary Jane."

How proud I should be if one of my class-mates should enter the United States Congress! And who would this be but "Strackie?" Who could it be but "Strackie," with his wonderful ability in public speaking? Some day Clarence would represent his own state in the House; and then, no doubt, he would be Senator from Indiana, and perhaps in later years he would even become——, but my imagination was running away with me, and inspired with class pride, it was rising by leaps and bounds.

By this time I was beginning to feel drowsy, and pulling my H. S. pillow over to me, I tucked it under my head and lay down with my face still turned toward the fire that I might watch the flickering blazes in the grate as they varied from one shade to another—now blue, now yellow and now red. Then, with my fingers twisted into the deep fringe of the pillow, I began again to ponder over my class and to wonder what life would mean to them in the future. I thought of a certain boy whom I had seen no less than thirty minutes before. As I was wondering what place in life he would fill, I found myself looking perplexedly into the fire; then a bright tongue of fire leaped up in the grate and my perplexity was cleared as my imagination marked Miner as a successful business man. Just why this idea came into my mind I did not know, but something seemed to tell me with certainty that Miner would become a merchant. I thought of the great Marshall Field and that if Miner attained as great success as he, and in as clean and straightforward a way, truly he would have made a success of life.

But the business life need not be confined to the boys. I thought of two girls in the class who would make ideal stenographers; and I remembered that Isabelle and Bess had expressed a liking for office work and even an intention of attending Business College as soon as they completed High School. I wondered if they would have in their career the usual romance of the stenographer and her employer. Bess would probably become a reader also.

And there was Charles Hassenmiller, better known as "Chas Hassy;" he could become no other than an entertainer such as Ralph Bingham or Opie Read. He would appear at Chautauquas, and perhaps sometime I should find myself going to our own Chautauqua to hear the great "Mr. Hassenmiller, Entertainer and Monologist." But what would Otto become? Otto who had always been so quiet and yet so steady? He had succeeded in all he had attempted and had gone through High School leaving a splendid record. Immediately the presidency of a bank or some such dignified position suggested itself to me as the place which the fates had chosen for Otto. Then I thought of Elmer, our own "Puddin'," and I wondered if he, like his father, would become a physician; but no, Elmer's greatest ambition was to become a mechanical engineer, and judging from the lively interest he had taken in this sort of work at school, he would surely accomplish his desire.

Martha and Edythe came into my mind at the same time, and I remembered that they were both unusually good singers. Perhaps they would study music abroad for a few years and then come back to teach it or to sing in a large church choir in New York. And how nice it would be if Martha's chum, "Pawnee," could be their accompanist!

Then in a flight of imagination, I pictured John Hunlow as the successful aviator of 1920, and tried to imagine how it would seem if I should read a startling newspaper article on his wonderful flights in his airship.

I thought of two girls, Marguerite and Erdene; and at the same instant two little tongues of fire sprang up side by side and burned steadily and equally. "How like the two girls!", I thought. "They will always be together." And I liked to imagine them as teachers of Latin and German in the same school.

There would surely be another great pianist among my classmates, and she would be Catherine. But I could not imagine Catherine as a public player; but rather as playing in a home of her own and quietly exerting her influence by the great power of music. Immediately after Catherine, I thought of her chum, Eva, and her, too, I imagined as teacher of German in a High School or College.

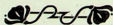
James Bullington would surely become a college foot ball man, and George Hunlow would certainly be equally great as a basket ball player. I had no doubt as to Vivian's future. "Nunny" would become a singer and perhaps travel with a glee club or quartet. Then there was Rex. Although Rex had shown decided signs of becoming a violinist, I was more inclined to believe that he would win greater fame with the flute. There was only one boy left, he was Robert. Would Robert inherit his father's land and become a wealthy farmer? In my mind I could see the luxuriant country home that he would build.

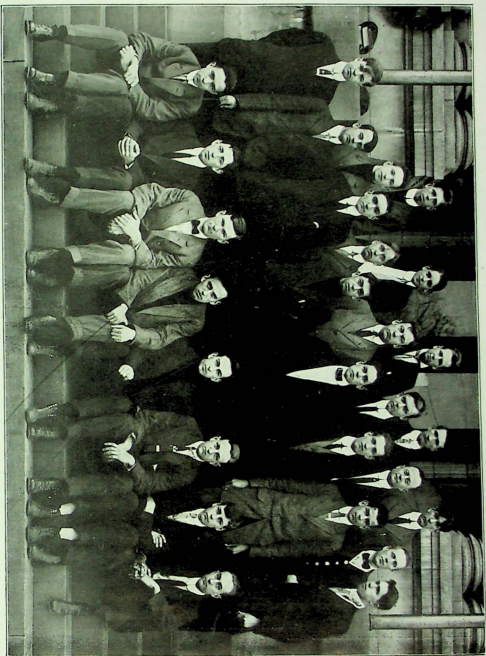
Who were left among the girls? There were Ollie and Edith. Edith was planning to fit herself for a teacher, and I thought what a splendid teacher she would make, with her sweet disposition and even temperament. It seemed to me that if Ollie filled her proper place in life, she would one day become a minister's wife, and a charming one she would make. Alma just looked like a business woman, how fitting if she should become a bookkeeper in a bank.

The only one left was Jena; surely Jena would become a missionary, for I had always imagined an ideal missionary as a young woman with a soft voice and gentle winning ways.

This was all, I had thought of each classmate as I lay there gazing into the fire. I arose and tossed my pillow into a chair, and as I gathered up my flowers and gloves from the table and laid my cape on my arm, I glanced at the clock; and just as my gaze fell upon the clock, its two hands pointing straight to twelve, it began to strike in its deep musical tone, and every stroke seemed pushing the old life farther and farther into the past, away from me. The day had closed, and with it an epoch of my life. A new life was opening to me with the new day. Oh, I might know what that life holds for me!

—M. E. R.







ALL things considered, the year of 1911 was the most successful year in the history of foot ball in the New Albany High School. With a squad containing five of last year's men, Mr. Allen, ably assisted by Carlton Neat and Wayne Young, developed a team which has held its own with the best teams around. Not only has the year been successful in the way of victories, but it closed with a financial surplus, although the general admission was reduced.

The first game with Corydon, although it was won by an overwhelming score, gave the team good practice for the games to follow. The Manual game was the most bitterly contested of the season. The score was 6 to 0 for N. A. H. S. until the last few minutes of play, when Manual succeeded in making a touchdown but the goal was not kicked and N. A. H. S. had secured its second great foot ball triumph over Manual since athletic relations have existed between the schools. The victory over K. M. I. was due to the perfect team work and the goal kicking ability of Applegate, who twice booted the ball over the goal posts. The Pleasureville game was a surprise for fortune seemed to be against us and our hopefuls were able to make only one touchdown but that was enough to win.

The next game, with University School, proved to be the only defeat of the year. Although N. A. had defeated K. M. I. and Manual, which teams had defeated U. S., the game ended 18 to 0 for our opponents. At least one touchdown, however, was made after it was so dark that the ball could hardly be seen. The second Pleasureville game was won by straight foot ball, all the trick plays being reserved for the final game of the season with Jeffersville H. S.

On Thanksgiving day, the team kept up the habit and trounced Jeff. by a score of 21 to 0. The game was played on a muddy field and the play was so slow that our team was held to four touchdowns.

In discussing the success of the year we wish to commend the Athletic Association, the Finance and Advertising committees upon their work. The splendid support of the Association and the work of Mr. Daniel and his committee, composed of James Riely, Charles Turner, Clarence Strack, Spence Hegewald and Garner Rowell, in putting out the tickets and of Mr. Jenkins and his committee, composed of James Kenney, Miner Allen, Bennett Heazlitt, John Riely and Herbert Thorn, in advertising the games were for the greatest part responsible for the financial success of the season.

Mr. Allen was fortunate in selecting his team, for they all were willing to do the coach's bidding, and not one of his men were ever kept from playing on account of his studies.

Captain John Daniel has made a success of his year as captain. He worked with Mr. Allen in getting the team in shape and was the team's most consistent ground gainer. His place at full back will be hard to fill next year.

Walter Applegate (Quarter Back)—"Bill" is the best open field runner in the Falls Cities. He runs the team smoothly and has decided several of the games by his ability to kick goal.

Frank Hanafee (Half Back)—Although new at the game, "Irish" is the best defensive and interfering back we have. He is also good on carrying the ball.

Philip Hale (Half Back)—"Phip" is the fastest man on the team. He is a good ground gainer and is especially lucky on getting forward passes.

Morris Best (End)—"Besty" is especially good on running down punts, and can carry the ball when called upon.

Edward Ridley (End)—Ed's tackling ability made him invaluable to the team. He stopped the Manual backs before they were hardly started.

Milton Braeutigam (Center)—For accurate passing and mixing up in plays "Milt" excelled. It is lucky that he has another year.

James Bullington (Guard)—"Jim" says little and does much. He always does his work faithfully.

Herbert Richards (Guard)—Another of the new discoveries is "Rich." He is good on offense and defense. He will develop into a star next year.

Charles Turner (Tackle)—"Red" is a good tackle and could be sent through the line for gains when needed.

Addis Neat (Tackle)—"Ad" is the kicker of the team. He also was a good tackle.

Ralph Brubeck (Guard)—"Lefty" is a consistent and fast guard and can hold down the tackle position creditably.

Maurice Daniel (Tackle)—"Linko" has the same characteristics as his brother. He will be a valuable man on next year's team.

Raymond Stoy (End)—"Motts" was at his best in the Jeffersonville game. His defensive playing at all times was of the highest order.

N. A. H. S.	47	Corydon	0
N. A. H. S.	6	Manual	5
N. A. H. S.	12	K. M. I.	10
N. A. H. S.	5	Pleasureville	0
N. A. H. S.	0	University School	18
N. A. H. S.	6	Pleasureville	0
N. A. H. S.	21	Jeffersonville	0
Total: N. A. H. S., 97; opponents, 33.			



Orchestra—Year 1911

ANTON H. EMBS, DIRECTOR

FIRST VIOLINS:—Theodore Meinhardt, Ruth Clark, Virginia Godfrey, Grace Hartley, Fred Weathers, Ruth Byrn, Curtis Scott, Edward Hackett.

SECOND VIOLINS:—Frank Clipp, Harry Murphy, Gertrude Zinsmeister, Inez Hartwell, Emily Brewer, Anna Gordon, Erdene Robinson, Mary Meek, Marvin Scott.

CELLOS:—Jefferson Conner, Raymond Winter, Garry Gohmann.

BASS VIOL:—Merwyn Murphy.

CLARINETS:—Joe Day, Maurice Rosenbarger.

FLUTES:—Clarence Baker, Rex Richards, Bonnie Detrick, Elsie Heckel, Virginia Sauer, Wiley Kiel, Cornelius Sullivan.

HORNS:—Wallace Leach, Victor Kelly.

CORNETS:—Addison Rue, Theodore Hopkins, Joe Burkhardt, Harold Kelly.

TROMBONES:—Fred Kalies, Chester Harmon.

DRUMS:—Vivian Nunemacher.

PIANO:—Louise Grubbs, Ruth Browne.

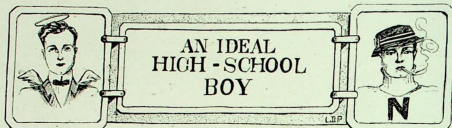
Organizations

THIS term has been an exceptionally good one for the organizations of the school, and a larger number of students than ever before have taken an interest in at least one organization. The Alcyone and Ionian, the major literary societies, have held many interesting meetings from time to time. The Alcyone, under the direction of Miss Ray and Miss Baerd, has never failed to present interesting programs and the members have done their part faithfully. The Ionian, although not so successful as the Alcyone, furnished several good meetings and with the addition of the coming class have bright prospects for next term.

The class of '14½ have formed a literary society of their own, naming it the Agora. The Freshmen have been enthusiastic over their organization and all have taken an active part in the programs and have attended the meetings regularly.

Der Deutsche Verein has increased its membership and under the direction of Miss Neat and Mr. Daniel, has had a prosperous year. The meetings were held regularly and were not only interesting but instructive as well. This club, more than any other thing, has been responsible for the increased interest taken in the study of the German language.

Although the Wranglers have done very little public work this term, they have spent their time in building up the society. By the wise choice of members and the efficient direction of Mr. Noyer, it has experienced the best term's work in the history of the society. The members have taken an unusual interest in the work and lively debates were held at the regular meetings. The banquet given by this organization was the most successful event of the term and reflected credit upon the members. The program consisted of songs by the Wrangler quartet composed of Vivian Nunemacher, Rex Richards, Clarence Baker and Elmer Sevringhaus, a flute solo by Rex Richards, a duet by Clarence Baker and Jefferson Conner, and at the close the Wrangler's song was sung by all the members. Stanley Scott acted as toast master and the toasts were responded to in the order named: Power and Influence of Oratory, George Stephens; The Suffragette, Charles Hassenmiller; When we are Congressmen, Clarence Strack; Our Fair Guests: Raymond Stoy; An Ideal Wrangler, Elmer Sevringhaus. All These organizations will continue next term and we forecast another successful term.



I STOOD in the front hall at midnight. How did I happen to be there? That's an entirely different question. Suffice it to say I was there. I peered through the darkness at the dial of the clock. At the exact moment in which both hands stood straight up, I heard a light step behind me, and turning quickly, came face to face with an old man.

His hair was snow white and a long beard reached nearly to his knees, but what impressed me most, was his unusual raiment. He wore, wrapped around him, a white tunic and in his hand, he carried a large lantern.

"Well, well, if it isn't my old friend Diogenes," said I, "how are you, Diogenes? I haven't heard from you since I was a Sophomore. Are you still hunting for the honest man? And do you expect to find him here?"

Diogenes shook his head sadly.

"No," he said after a pause, "no, I have quite given up the idea of ever finding an honest man. A man, to be honest, must have convictions, and I have almost despaired of ever finding one whose opinions do not outweigh his convictions. I find the latter, to be especially true, in the case of some of your High School instructors, as regards the use of red ink."

He sighed deeply.

"No, it is not the honest man, this time, of whom I am in quest, but an ideal High School boy."

Said I, "Well you've surely come to the end of your quest here, because all our boys are ideal, and especially is this true of the Senior A boys."

His face brightened perceptibly.

Said he, "Oh indeed, do you really think so? That would be too good to be true. Well, we shall see what we shall see. Where do you keep these model boys?"

"If I am not greatly mistaken," said I, "they may be found in Room 9, Miss Coble's room you know. Or perhaps in Miss Ray's room, or maybe in Room 19."

We went to each room and slowly, but surely, gathered in the Twelve A boys. We counted them to be sure they were all there.

"Where's George and Raymond?" said I. "We've overlooked them. They surely must be in Miss Coble's room." I opened the door to Room Nine, and there sat the two recreants. After much persuasion, they joined our little party, and we all went into the office, where Diogenes proceeded to examine each one separately.

"Elmer Louis Sevringhaus," he called out.

Elmer stood forth.

"Are you the person whom they call 'Puddin'?"

"Yes, they do call me that, but I never could see why they do it."

"Might try a looking-glass," remarked Diogenes dryly. "How much do you weigh?"

"Well, to be honest about it, I don't know exactly. You see it's this way. I did weigh a hundred and ninety seven, but I lost nearly two pounds getting up courage to make a Commencement date, so I couldn't say truthfully how much I do weigh."

"We'll not dispute the matter further. Having no scales handy, there's no way to prove the case; nevertheless I think you'd be sentenced on circumstantial evidence. You have no real conviction as to your weight; you merely have an opinion."

"Charles Hassenmiller!"

Chas. Hasse presented himself to view.

"You seem to be a very singular young man. What have you got to say about it?"

"Singular, yes that's what I am, I believe in the doctrine of that famous man, Henry Clay, 'Give me Liberty or give me death!'"

Diogenes thumped his lantern on the floor.

"Enough. The 'Ideal Boy', must make no such mistake in his American History. It seems that your memory has sadly deteriorated since Mr. Bravy left."

"Clarence Strack!, you need not stand forth, I see you plainly, towering above the heads of the others. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Mr. President, that is—I mean, my dear Mr. Diogenes, —I am a member of the graduating class of '11½, editor-in-chief of the Blotter, member of the Wranglers, I never failed in my studies, never cheated on examinations, never used a Latin pony, never—"

"Just a minute, Mr. Strack. Are you addicted to the tobacco habit, in any form?"

"Never!—well er-a—that is hardly ever."

"Very sorry, Mr. Strack. You won't do. The 'Ideal Boy', never indulges in the weed."

"Miner Allen, you may elucidate upon your good qualities."

"I—may—*what?*"

"Deficient in English!" was the verdict of Diogenes. "Who's next? Oh yes—George Stephens."

"That's me," spoke up "Stevie."

"Very well, Mr. Stephens, I have a portion of Virgil for you to translate. Judging from appearances, you must be very fond of Latin."

"Listen to my tale of woe," said Stevie. "I'm not what you might call a prodigy as far as gray matter is concerned, but I think I come in with the rest. I've managed somehow to keep on the band-wagon. But let me tell you right now, when it comes to translating Virgil, when I've already got my credits in Latin,—Good night!" To put in plain language, positively, nothing doing!"

Said Diogenes, "The 'Ideal Boy' never uses slang expressions."

"Raymond Stoy, now you're just the boy I've been looking for. You seem to be the nearest approach to the 'Ideal Boy,' that I've seen."

"Motts" blushed to the roots of his curly hair.

"Oh—a—I'm sure you're—a—mistaken, that is—er—you know—a—I don't think so."

Diogenes shook his head sadly.

"Alas, I am mistaken again. You're much too modest."

"Rex Richards and John Hunlow, step forward! I hear that neither of you gentlemen has made a date for commencement."

The two culprits pleaded guilty.

"Anyone," replied Diogenes scornfully, "who wouldn't make a commencement date, is certainly not the 'Ideal Boy.'"

The two retired among the withering glances of their classmates.

"Charles Vivian Nunemacher!"

"Yes sir, yes sir, I'm just the chap you're looking for. I'm the finest chemistry student."

"So?" said Diogenes. "I will test your knowledge. Name two alloys of copper."

"Bronze and brass," answered Vivian glibly.

"Very good, give the constituents of each."

"Well, the bronze contains copper and zinc, and the brass contains copper, zinc and tin."

"You're quite sure you're right?"

"Yes sir," replied Vivian with a smirk.

"Well you're wrong!"—"Next?"

George Hunlow disentangled himself from the crowd and walked boldly toward the desk.

"I say, rush this business, old man, I can't stand around here all day."

"Gross impertinence!" shouted Diogenes.

George fled in terror, followed by Otto Robinson who was too frightened to stay and linger on his merits.

The next victim was James Bullington.

He began at once—"I play football and I — — — — —"

"Football!" screamed Diogenes. "Football is the great scourge of the modern day school! Statistics show that in the course of the next ten centuries, football will exterminate the younger generation from off the face of the earth!" "Oh"—he groaned, wringing his hands and tearing his hair wildly.

He picked up his lantern and was preparing to leave, when a timid hand was laid on his arm, and Robert Jenkins spoke in a faltering voice,—“Wait a minute, I'm” —

But Diogenes was gone.

—M. J. D.

He Can Who Thinks He Can

SWIFTLY eluding his guard, and with a quick toss of his hand, Marcan shot for the basket. The sound of the referee's whistle drowned out the soft swish of the netting as the ball dropped thru. Then cheer after cheer boomed out like roars of a cannon and each member of the victorious Roanoke team was lifted to the shoulders of his clamoring admirers.

This game tied Roanoke with Hillboro for first place in the Inter-Scholastic League and necessitated the playing of a game to decide the championship. The Roanoke team had worked its way steadily from the bottom position, due to a bad start, up to within striking distance of the championship. While each man on the

team had done wonderful work, the largest portion of the credit belonged to Farnsley Marcan, the star forward. Time after time he had rescued games by his wonderful good throwing and then made the running scores. It is no wonder then, the students of old Roanoke were dumbfounded and horror stricken one morning when the word that Marcan was meligible. Recitations dragged, the student body seemed depressed and the practice that afternoon lacked its usual vim with a sub in Marcan's place.

At the first opportunity Thoras the captain of the basket ball team hurried up to Marcan's rooms. His quick knock was answered by a weary "Come In" and as he entered Marcan's tired eyes peered at him over the top of a mathematics book.

"Hello Marc," said Thomas, "when did you begin to grind?"

"It's a pity I didn't begin sooner" returned Marcan "and then I would still be playing basketball on the first team."

Such is life, my boy. Remember those sterling words of some ancient poet the saddest words of tongue or pen, are those sad words, what might have been. Don't think you're the only one, evidently there have been others, or the poet wouldn't have written about them. But that hasn't anything to do with getting you back into the eligibility list. What are you going to do about it?"

"Assist the hated oil trust, I guess, and try to force that solid Geometry thru my solid head."

"That's about the only thing possible, but I'm afraid it will be too much for you in the short time before the Hillboro game. How about sending one of the fellows up to help you?"

"No, Thomas, I couldn't agree to that if I never get back. I've got myself into this, now I'll get myself out."

"Bravo! Bravo! well spoken my fine fellow. What melodrama have you been reading lately?"

"Well, you may make fun all you want to, but if I get back it will be solely thru my own efforts."

"Now look here Marc, we need you and you know it. If you didn't play basket ball, I wouldn't care a snap how independent you were, but as you do, it makes a difference. The idea of you making up three weeks of Geometry in six days all by yourself!"

"Thomas, I guess you'll think I'm an egotist. I'm not, however, but the other day I saw a quotation from somebody or other which said, "He can who thinks he can." It set me to thinking and I've come to the conclusion that it is true. So I am going to try to make up my mathematics because I have a firm conviction that I can do it."

Six days later Farnsley Marcan knocked at the door of Prof. Armeling's home. He was ushered into the private study.

"Why, good morning Farnsley," exclaimed the Professor, jumping up from his desk to greet him, "what can I do for you today?"

"I have come to take the examination you said I could take when I made up my back work."

"You don't mean to say you have come for that. Now I want no fooling Farnsley. My conditions were that the work must be thoroughly mastered and not that you could have just a general idea of the thing."

"I am not fooling Professor, I have worked pretty hard on this and I think I am able to pass the examination."

After a given length of time Marcan folded his papers and handed them to the Professor, then he resumed his seat and waited while the Professor marked them.

With his ready blue pencil in his hand, Prof. Armeling gave the papers a careful reading, then arose and held out his hand to Marcan.

"My boy," he said, "you have passed and I wish to congratulate you on the way in which you made your mark. It shows pluck and determination and I think it unnecessary to say any thing concerning your future work, so I just wish you the best of luck in the basketball game tonight."

And Roanoke won the championship.

—G. A. S.

Class Will

WE, the Class of 1911½, being of sound mind and knowing the uncertainties of life and death, do make this our last will and testament, in manner following: We direct and order that all our just debts be paid with convenient speed. We will and bequeath our class picture to the office, to be hung in a place of honor over the desk.

We leave all the surplus class funds to the *Medicine Man*, with which to buy himself a gun, the last mentioned to be used when he makes his eternal abode in the Happy Hunting-ground.

We bequeath all our red marks to the Faculty to be distributed to the succeeding classes.

We leave our exemplary attendance record to the next class which shall occupy Room 21.

We bequeath our ancient perambulator to the class of '15½.

We leave our "stand-in" with the teachers to the class of '14½.

We bequeath the beautiful mutual friendship existing between the boys and girls of the class, to the Juniors.

We, the boys, leave our record for making commencement dates to the boys of '12.

We, the girls, leave our little hammers to the class of 1912.

The following heritages are bequeathed by members of the class, singly or severally, to wit:

We, Margaret Rowell, Cora Williams and Lelia Pennington leave our alarm clocks (guaranteed to get one to school at 9:15 every morning), to Mr. Allen, to distribute as he thinks best.

We, Otto Robinson and James Bullington, leave our reputations as "lady-killers" to Mr. Jenks and Mr. Daniel.

We, Marguerite Williams and Erdine Robinson, leave those nice little toys which have amused us so often to Evan Albertson.

We, Rex Richards and John Hunlow, leave our extra cans of "midnight oil" to the class of '13.

I, Elmer Sevringhaus, remembering that this year is leap year, bequeath a book, entitled "Dates and how to make them," to Miss Ray.

I, Clarence Strack, leave the work of getting out the Blotter to some other poor unfortunate.

We, Ollie Owens and Edith Johantgen, leave our ponies to some kind person to be cremated.

We hereby constitute George Washington and Thomas Jefferson executors of this will.

In Witness Whereof, we, the above named testators, hereunto set our hand and seal, this 1st day of January, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and twelve.

THE SENIOR ^{THEIR} [1911½] CLASS
MARK

Signed in their presence and in the presence of each other,

BILL SHAKESPEARE
JACK MILTON,



THE black hands of the tall mission hall clock pointed to ten minutes of twelve. It was the greatest night of the year, yea, of four years, for it marked not only the ending of the old and the beginning of the new, but it marked the beginning of the year which all girls await, Leap Year. From this you may guess that this is about girls and sure enough it is.

These seventeen girls, for there were seventeen members of the D. W. R. society, were seated around the cozy grate fire, guests at a party given in their honor by their three lady teachers, Miss Ray, Miss Neat and Miss Coble. These three proved excellent entertainers, and the time slipped away quickly.

As I said before the clock said ten minutes of twelve and twenty girls, including the teachers, gave frequent glances at the patient clock, tick-tocking as slow and as steady as if this night were any other night of the year. It ticked three minutes; Miss Neat passed out little, oblong pieces of paper with a red bell pasted on the corner; Miss Ray passed out the pencils; Miss Coble watched the clock; the girls wondered. The clock ticked one minute and forty seconds, and Miss Coble satisfied their curiosity by telling them to write their New Year's resolutions in verse form within the next five minutes. This took exactly twenty seconds, and five minutes remained before the New Year.

Immediately seventeen girls scratched seventeen heads, and one by one the seventeen pencils began writing and continued to do so until the required work was done. Just as the first whistle blew and the first bell rang, with the unrelenting manner of the fates, Miss Coble demanded that the resolutions be signed and placed in the mysterious looking urn on the table. After the "eats" had appeared and disappeared Miss Ray as official reader entered upon the enjoyable task of reading the resolutions. After thoroughly shaking the urn she drew forth the first one and read:

I have giggled, giggled, giggled,
Until all the girls are sore
And I promise by great Juno
I'll not giggle any more.

— MARGUERITE.

"Good for you Pean! Great! Splendid!"

Such were the remarks upon her resolution, and so elated was she upon her success that she giggled her giggliest giggle. When the hubbub had quieted the second was read.

During all my years in High School
There is one thing I regret,
I've never had a single date
But watch, I'll do it yet.

—EVA.

After waiting two minutes for the return of their breath, all congratulated her on her resolution. The third was taken from the urn and again silence reigned. It read:

I don't know what to say, girls.
I can't write poetry
But I make a resolution that
Hereafter I will try.

—ALMA.

"Punk rhyme! Ventured one outspoken member."
"That's poetic license," Miss Ray suggested (loud howls.)
"Next one! Next one!"

I once was famous for my wit,
And once I made a *blot*.
When you want to make some jokes
I'm Ollie on the spot.

—OLLIE.

"Hal Ha! Ha! That's a joke in itself. Hurry up, Miss Ray,"
I know I am not very clever
I do things with a slam and a bang.
But I've made up my mind to resolve that
From now on I'll cut out the slang.

—MARY JANE DUNDON.

"Is that the truth Chub?"

"Sure thing. I have put the mit on the slang."

"Hush, girls. Let me read the next."

The realms of study have been mine
They are too dark for me.
So now I'm going to see some fun
Hurrah! I'm glad I'm free.

—EDITH J.

"I don't believe it. You should have done it long ago."

"I just couldn't do it, girls. I enjoyed my lessons, really."

Since I have been going to High School,
I have committed a very grave sin.
My friends have been getting my Latin,
But I vow they won't do it again.

—JENA.

"Why, Jena!" This from Miss Coble.

"What if she knows the name of this club?" (aside).

Once I had a case of blues
I thought that I would cry,
But now I'll smile from morn to night
And never will I sigh.

—ERDINE.

Every one turned to see the writer, and there she was with a smile on her face which would make Prof. Buerk look to his laurels.

My eyes seem to have a slight "droopage"
I can't look *them* straight in the eye.
But the next time they look at me that way
I promise you that I will try.

—EDYTHE.

"I bet you don't do it. I bet so, too. Well let's go on."

I plead guilty to this misdemeanor,
You can hardly say that it's a crime,
But when school starts again I will be there.
And o'er all things I will be there on time.

—MARGARET.

Here was one that was really funny for not one of the girls had forgotten the time when Peggy would walk in five or ten minutes late.

I've kept to the straight and the narrow,
I've done nothing to cause me alarm,
But anyhow just for the pleasure
I'm going to start in and reform.—LELIA.

"I think you might have made the same resolution that I did, Lelia," spoke up Margaret.

His paper was lying before me,
Such an unnerving temptation,
But never again will I do it
By all the gods in this creation.—ISABEL.

Miss Ray sprang back from the paper as if it were a mouse.
"Well, I would! This is certainly a funny crowd of girls to say the least," she said as she took up the next resolution.

I like to knock but they knock on me
And that's where the rub comes in;
So I have decided that it's up to me
To quit and not do it again.—CORA.

Every one was silent after this was read for fear that they would make Cora break her promise. The next one was read quickly to break the silence.

Once I went to school
With a spot upon my collar
But I would not do it again
For a shiny silver dollar.

—CATHERINE.

"I would," broke in Chub, "I wore a spot on my cheek for nothing."

"You can't judge other people by yourself though."

"There you go knocking again."

"Sh-h. Let me go on."

When the boys are in power
My chances are slim
And it's Leap Year! Hurrah!
I'll go after him.

—ETHEL.

"That's the way, girlie. You have the idea now."

Oh my! I am growing so tall
I am really beginning to fear
So I hereby resolve to quit growing
By beginning right now and right here.

—BESS.

"There's only one more, girls. Let me read it quickly. It's getting late."

It used to be proper to write notes
But now it is sure on the blink,
For *he* caught me once with the goods on
And now I'll write notes I don't think.

—MARTHA.

Everybody laughed as they remembered the occurrence in Room 10, and agreed that the resolution was a good one.

Just as the last note was read the clock struck one, a resounding one, a one which makes one lonesome, and whether it was the time or the dreary striking of the clock is immaterial for immediately preparations were made to go home. Soon after seventeen girls wended their solitary ways home each resolving over again not to break their resolutions. On the other hand three teachers resolved that seventeen resolutions had been made to be broken again. As to who made the best resolution will be left to the reader.

—C. E. S.



SEPT. 13



SEPT. 22



SEPT. 26



OCT. 9

Calendar

1911

- SEPT. 8. Lizzies receives final instructions.
- SEPT. 11. School starts.
- SEPT. 12. Mr. Daniel takes Senior boys for Freshmen.
- SEPT. 13. Freshman ventures into Senior Virgil class. Beats hasty retreat.
- SEPT. 14. Gong rings—G B's grab books and prepare for fire drill.
- SEPT. 15. Half holiday—we all go to State Fair (?)
- SEPT. 18. Wranglers begin to wrangle. Athletic Association increases membership to 200.
- SEPT. 19. Sub-Seniors march from Chapel. Vigorous applause.
- SEPT. 20. Voices tested. Small Freshman says he sings bass.
- SEPT. 21. Mr. Noyer taken as Senior. His hat band expands.
- SEPT. 22. Senior Chemistry class manufactures phony sparklers in Laboratory.
- SEPT. 25. First foot ball practice. Fun begins.
- SEPT. 26. George S. appears with an overgrown face.
- SEPT. 27. Miss Coble begins cracking jokes. Class fails to see the point.
- SEPT. 28. Mr. McLinn explains the difference between an interrogation point and a question mark.
- SEPT. 29. Der Deutsche Verein holds von meeting yet already.
- SEPT. 30. 47-o. Poor Corydon.
- OCT. 2. Victorious team marches from Chapel.
- OCT. 3. Chas. Hasse says that he does not wear socks with more than five colors.
- OCT. 4. Gloomy day. Miss Coble fails to smile.
- OCT. 6. Physics class *nearly* discovers a perpetual motion machine.
- OCT. 7. N. A. H. S. 6—Manual 5.
8:00 P. M.—Great rejoicing among students.
- OCT. 9. Fresh Seniors go into cold storage at the N. A. ice plant. Sevringhaus discovers the contents of some kegs.
- OCT. 11. Miss Coble makes a date with Stevy.

- OCT. 11. Mr. Allen draws sparks from Puddin's ear.
 OCT. 12. Der Deutsche Verein has apples and fudge.
 OCT. 13. Chemistry class all die (dye) on Friday, the 13th.



- OCT. 16. Athletic Association hears of the "Evils of the Paint Brush in Unskilled Hands."

OCT. 11

- OCT. 17. Mr. Allen explains the taste of champagne. Class is unable to comprehend.

- OCT. 18. Sevringhaus writes his first note to a girl.
 OCT. 19. Clara Lee and Henrietta Best visit school this A. M.



OCT. 24

- OCT. 10. D. W. R.'s give a moonlight walk over the hills and far away. Puzzle picture: Find the moon.

- OCT. 21. N. A. H. S. 12—K. M. I. 10.
 OCT. 23. First report cards out. Look thou upon upon the ink when it is red, that thy days may be long in the class where thou beganest.

- OCT. 24. Hassenmiller announces that he has completed his physical culture course. A mighty man, indeed.

- OCT. 25. First Alcyone Program. Illustrated lectures on "The Lady of the Lake."

- OCT. 26. Mr. Embs entertains the German Club with "Faust."

- OCT. 27. The BLOTTER makes initial appearance of the year.

- OCT. 28. N. A. H. S. 5—Pleasureville o.
 OCT. 30. Motts grows vociferous in Latin class.

- OCT. 31. Camera Club has a masked party in Gym.
 NOV. 1. The morning after the night before.

- NOV. 2. Jenks and Chub quarrel as to their relative sizes. Both win.

- NOV. 3. School shows patriotism by refusing to sing while seated.

- NOV. 4. U. S. beats us. Shore 18-0.
 NOV. 6. Wrangles begin the banquet discussion.

- NOV. 7. Mr. Allen burns his tongue in Chemistry class (a fireless burn).

- NOV. 8. Miss Ida Faye Smith gives "A Tale of Two Cities."

- NOV. 9. Kenney runs off the stage in Alcyone.

- NOV. 10. Senior girls are alarmed on being told that Chas. Hasse has asked Miss Singleton for a Wrangle Date.

- NOV. 13. Nunny makes the first Commencement date. Great rush follows.

- NOV. 14. Senior Blotter begun in earnest.

- NOV. 15. 12 A Boys discuss Commencement dates. One more added to the list.

- NOV. 16. Sevringhaus gets his dates mixed.

- NOV. 17. Senior B's promenade in class hats. Other under classmen follow the example.

- NOV. 18. Pleasureville gets the short end of a 6-0 game.



Nov 2.



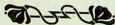
Nov 17



- Nov. 20. 1912 Class pins arrive.
 Nov. 21. Chase, Hasse misses a date in History.
 Nov. 22. Miss Coble appears with a hat.
 Nov. 23. Margaret Rowell beats the tardy bell by ten minutes.
 Nov. 24. O U Wys Gys.
 Nov. 25. Senior A's visit Heimberger's Gallery.
 Nov. 26. Horse kicks Hink's head. Good old ivory.
 Nov. 27. The big banner arrives.
 Nov. 28. Holiday fever holds school. We become hilarious in Chapel. First History test of the year. We D. W. R.
 Nov. 29. The school unanimously pledges to support the Senior Blotter, after rousing speeches by Editor and Manager.
 Nov. 30. N. A. H. S. 21—J. H. S. 0—Turkey 23.
 Dec. 1. More Seniors take a try at the Camera.
 Dec. 4. New noon schedule begins. Martha M. comes on time.
 Dec. 5. Marguerite W. misbehaves in Latin class.
 Dec. 6. Ossie becomes indignant in English class.
 Dec. 7. Mysterious whisperings that the Juniors are preparing for us.
 Dec. 8. Chas. Hasse wears checkerboard socks.
 Dec. 11. Most of the Wranglers have dates.
 Dec. 12. Aleyone Quartet does some Grand Opera (?) singing in the Auditorium at noon.
 Dec. 13. Martha M. is absent from History class for three days.
 Dec. 14. Agora Society makes debut.
 Dec. 15. Class games begin.
 Dec. 18. Christmas spirit already evident.
 Dec. 19. More class basket ball.
 Dec. 20. Aleyone has a Christmas tree. Miss Coble gets pony.
 Dec. 21. Class games end in tie between Seniors, Juniors and Sophs.
 Dec. 22. Orchestra program in Chapel.
 Dec. 25. What did you get in your stocking?
 Dec. 27. Wranglers' feed and oratorical display.

1912

- JAN. 3. Senior Blotter goes to press. Editors congratulate themselves.
 JAN. 5. Salem 10—N. A. H. S. 11.
 JAN. 10. Last Blotter of the term.
 JAN. 14. Baccalaureate Sermon.
 JAN. 17. Junior Reception.
 JAN. 19. Commencement.
 JAN. 26. Class Night.



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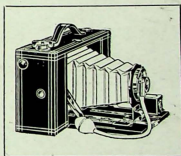
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Romeo and Juliet.....	<i>Miner Allen</i>
When We Were Boys.....	<i>Hunlow Bros.</i>
Little Women.....	<i>Bess Millican</i>
Merry-Lips.....	<i>Erdine Robinson</i>
Jonathan and David.....	<i>Stephens and Stoy</i>
Her Majesty, Myself.....	<i>Cora Williams</i>
A Man's Woman.....	<i>Miss Roy</i>
My Flirtatious.....	<i>Otto Robinson</i>
Gossip in a Library.....	<i>M. J. D., I. T., E. L. D., M. L. M., C. G. W., M. E. R.</i>
Napoleon the First.....	<i>Charles Hassenmiller</i>
Mary Jane's Pa.....	<i>? ? ?</i>



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Vivian N.—Give me a piece of paper.
Clarence S.—What do you think I am—a traveling station(ary) agent?

Mr. Riddle—(taking the Wranglers' picture and seeing Mr. Noyer out of place)—*Young man*, would you kindly move over a little to the left?

Chas. H. (giving History report)—He had a head suitable for the lumber business and he used it and built a dam.

Miss Coble (in Latin)—Are there any words you do not know, Rex?

Rex R.—There aren't any I do know.

George S. (collecting Wrangler money and quoting Shakespeare)—Let me see your chink.

Mr. Allen—Jupiter has seven moons.

Senior—Gee, wouldn't it be great at night.

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Miss Coble—His coat hung from a
knot on his shoulder.

Miss Neat (to Senior boy who mixes
his genders in German)—Your weakness
is gender.

Miss Ray—I wonder how it feels not
to be pretty.

The man of the school is named Carrick,
He can do as much work as a derrick,
With the keys and the broom
He takes care of each room.
So here's to our friend, Mr. Carrick.

(The High School Song as it should be)

*Here's to those whose names we'll ever
Crush in our song
Dear oldeniors, dear old Seniors
Praise them beyond.

Miller

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There is a young hopeful named Hinue
Who is great although he can't thinkue
He's had a bird in his cage
Since his very young age
And its color is very near pinque.

There's a boy in our class known as
"Doc,"

He knows all the parts of a clock.

But when he does sing

He makes the walls ring

In a way which no person can mock.

Chub's right name is Mary Jane Dundon
If you want to see fun she's the right
one.

She is jolly and gay

And laughs all the day

And then by Chub Dundon your done done

The best girl in our class is named Ollie

Oh! she never partakes of a folly,

She's staid and sedate

And ne'er is she late,

But nevertheless she is jolly.

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